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When lo a form before mine eyes
 Disgraced with many a bloody scar,
 Appear'd and cried, "Maria rise,
 And wipe away that streaming tear."
 No phantom he of wanton air,
 As thought first fill'd me all with fears,
 But smiling sweet, he said "my fair,
 Forget thy grief, and all thy tears."
 Ah! no, ungrateful would I be,
 So to forget what did me cheer,
 And when oppress'd with grief, mine eye
 I fill'd with many a friendly tear.
 When grief again does fill my breast,
 And waste me all with pining care,
 The joy of grief with me shall rest,
 In many a balmy, tender tear.

FLORETTA.

ON THE DEATH OF

FRANCIS WALLACE BURNS,

WHO DIED WHEN HE WAS ON THE POINT OF
 EMBARKING FOR THE EAST INDIES, SOME
 TIME AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER,
 THE CELEBRATED ROBERT BURNS.

"WALLACE! a name to Scotia dear,
 As long as Scotia's hills shall stand,
 My boy the gallant name shall bear,
 My boy shall love his native land.

"The generous swell, the tender throe
 Shall urge his heart to honest fame,
 Whilst in his veins no blood shall flow
 Unworthy of this honour'd name.

"His little bosom rising high,
 An independent mind displays,
 The mien erect, the sparkling eye,
 Invite the hope of future days."*

All fondly thus the father cries,
 While round his knees his darling clung,
 But lowly now that father lies,
 And silence seals his tuneful tongue.

Yet fame and fortune promise fair,
 Could they a parent's loss restore;
 The gallant boy becomes their care,
 They point to India's distant shore.

Far from his widow'd mother's eyes,
 Say must he tempt the dangerous main?
 Or faint beneath the burning skies,
 Nor to a Mother's ear complain?

The gifts which fame and fortune bring,
 Will virtue's smile these gifts approve?
 Will conscience add no secret sting,
 Which wealth and power can ne'er re-
 move?

But pitying Heaven the trial spares,
 While youth and innocence combine....
 Behold the guardian Angel bears
 The unsullied soul to realms divine.

M. L.

* See letters No. 83 and 91 from R. Burns to Mrs. Dunlop.

TO THREE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

A FRAGMENT.

SWEET Innocents! yes, when I gaze
 On those young smiling eyes, and stroke
 those cheeks

Like velvet soft, and kiss those little
 hands,

Fair, as the lily fair, and when I hear
 Your merry mimic prattlings, and behold
 Your sports so cheap, so harmless, yet
 so gay,

Oh! then, I something feel within my
 breast,

Of what thy parents feel, when fondling
 you,

They call you lambs, their little playful
 lambs,

Unutterably blest;—then, too, I feel
 What felt that artist,* who divinely
 sketch'd

Three lovely children, adding to the
 group

A cherub's cheek, as tho' he meant to say,
 Earth has not such a group. Sweet Inno-
 cents!

Yes, frolic still, like the young lambs,
 still sport,

To antic plays and pleasures only alive,
 Thoughtless of future evil. As for me,
 Why should reflection in its busy mood
 Disturb these feelings? Why with some
 sad perhaps,

Muse on a distant day, when pining
 grief

To raptures may succeed; when racking
 pain

May so distract you, that you'll pray for
 death

To grant a long'd dismission; when, at
 length,

You, who now gamesome, fill your pa-
 rents' breast

With transport, may with your dying
 breath bequeath

A heart-ache, which no time shall ever
 cure?

Why should I muse thus sadly? Hence,
 vile thought;

Rather let fancy point to future days,
 When your fond parents' hopes and joys
 shall rise

Still higher, blessing you when they shall
 see

Their dearest little ones advanc'd in
 years,

And every year something more lovely
 added

To what before was lovely: let it point
 To days more distant, when those young
 blue eyes,

When those fair cheeks, and those soft

* Alluding to a fine painting by Rubens.